THE NATION

NOVEMBER 11, 1961 . . 25c

WALKOUT IN MOSCOW

Alexander Werth

APPEASEMENT: Tyranny of a Slogan

Alan Clark

THE ARMED SUPERPATRIOTS

Peter W. Salsich, Jr. and Hans Engh

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LETTERS

'Juggernaut'

Bulk orders are pouring in for "JUGGERNAUT: The Warfare State," Fred J. Cook's latest 64-page special in *The Nation*. And the compliments are pouring in, too. Below, a small sampling.

Your orders for copies of "JUGGERNAUT" should be addressed to *The Nation* at 333 Sixth Ave, New York, 14. Enclose payment with your order at the following rates: 10 copies for $4, 50 for $17.50, 100 for $30 and 500 for $125.

Dear Sirs: Please send me copies of the special "JUGGERNAUT" issue of Oct. 28, as per enclosed check. This is to my mind the most significant document in political science since 1945.

PAUL DOUGLASS
Center for Practical Politics
Rollins College
Winter Park, Fla.

Dear Sirs: The challenge of the radical Right, the Pentagon and the war industries has never been more clearly stated than by Fred J. Cook's "JUGGERNAUT." No serious-minded American who wants survival for himself and his children can afford to ignore this magnificent documentary and its statement of what can and must be done in these minutes before an atomic midnight rendezvous with oblivion.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To this explosive subject, Mr. Cook displays his usual talent and courage in putting alarming trends into proper perspective. In this age of persuasion and half-truths, *The Nation* is to be commended for presenting ... opinions with honesty and intelligence.

ROY LINDSTROM
Great Barrington, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Good for you! At last an issue on what is perhaps the most dangerous force in the world today. Send me 50 copies, check enclosed.

ALBERT H. NEWMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: "JUGGERNAUT" is the most important article I have ever read. I enclose $5 that you may distribute twelve copies where, in your opinion, they will do the most good. I urge other readers to follow my example.

It is especially important that the leaders of American labor understand to what extent they are helping to sell America down the river, just for a few more "jobs."

RICHARD TITUS
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I enclose a check for $17.50 for 50 copies of "JUGGERNAUT." Give Mr. Cook my most profound respects and thanks for this remarkable document, which I consider the most important yet written by him....

MRS. WILLIAM H. LEUE
Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your special issues ... provoke much heated discussion among my friends. I would like to send copies of "JUGGERNAUT" to friends in London and in Paris.

MARTIN J. ROSENFELD
Philadelphia, Pa.

Library of Dissent

Dear Sirs: My wife and I are establishing a small memorial library in the name of our son, Peter Auren Dixon, who died four days after his birth. Friends and colleagues have donated a modest sum for a collection of books under the general philosophy of men, ideas, works in letters and/or science which show protest, and which perhaps were (are) unacceptable in their time. We would be grateful if your readers would send us book suggestions falling under this general category.

GEORGE A. J. DIXON
Sociology Dept.
Wisconsin State College
Stevens Point, Wis.

This Way to the Egress

Dear Sirs: I find I must question whether McCarthyism is in fact dead.

On October 10, I discovered that Space-General Corporation of Glendale, California, by which I was employed as a biophysicist, was planning to show the film *Operation Abolition* for the remainder of the week during the lunch period. The film had been furnished by a local patriotic society. I requested of the company's personnel department that I be allowed to present another interpretation of the events depicted by it. When this request was refused, I informed the department that I would have no choice but to interrupt the showing at those points where the film had been demonstrated to be in error (e. g., by the National Council of Churches). I was informed shortly thereafter that the showing had been canceled.

On October 13, I was summoned to the office of the company vice president, where I was informed that my services were no longer desired. When I asked why, the vice president said that he was not "at liberty to discuss the matter at greater length."

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Escalation Unto Death

The nuclear war is already being fought, except that the bombs are not being dropped on enemy targets — not yet. It is being fought, moreover, in fairly close correspondence with the predictions of the soothsayers of the think factories. They predicted escalation, and escalation is what we are getting. The biggest nuclear device the United States has exploded measured some 15 megatons, although our B-52s are said to be carrying two 20-megaton bombs apiece. Some time ago, however, Mr. Khrushchev decided that when bigger bombs were made, the Soviet Union would make them. He seems to have at least a few 30- and 50-megaton bombs on hand, since we cannot assume that he has exploded his entire stock. And now, of course, the hue and cry for counter-escalation is being raised on our side. Khrushchev threatens us with a 100-megaton bomb? So be it — then we must embark on a crash program for 200-megaton bombs of the common or hydrogen variety, and neutron bombs, which do not exist but are said to be the coming thing. So escalation proceeds, ad infinitum or, more accurately, until the contestants begin dropping them on each other instead of on their respective proving grounds.

What is needed, Philip Morrison writes in *The Cornell Daily Sun* (October 26) is a discontinuity. The escalation must end sometime, and probably quite soon. "Only a discontinuity can end it," Professor Morrison writes. "The discontinuity can either be that of war to destruction, or that of diplomatic policy."

Morrison points out that since our country is more urbanized than the Soviet Union or Red China, it is the most vulnerable of the great powers — Europe of course must be written off out of hand. He feels, therefore, that to seek a discontinuity in the arms policy of the United States is the least risky path our government can take. His proposal is opposed to that of Richard Nixon, Governor Rockefeller, past chairmen Strauss and McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission, Dr. Edward Teller and those others now enjoying their hour of triumph in the exacerbation of the cold war. These gentlemen are calling for a resumption of testing — in the atmosphere — on the greatest possible scale, all in the name of national security. Escalation is their first love and their last; they will be faithful unto death.

Capable as their minds may be in some directions, these guardians of the nation's security are incapable of learning, or even of observing. If this capacity had not failed them, they would see that their enemy has made a disastrous miscalculation. He has gained only one thing — he has exploded a 50-megaton bomb and he probably has rockets with sufficient thrust to lob it over the shorter intercontinental ranges. But if his purpose was to inspire terror, his action could hardly have miscarried more obviously. Not terror, but anger and resentment have been the general reaction outside the Soviet sphere.

Khrushchev himself is reported to be concerned by the surge of animosity he has aroused, yet our own nuclear statesmen seem intent on following compulsively in his footsteps. When one powerful nation strives to emulate the success of another, it is only natural. Thus, when the Russians sent up their first sputnik, American chagrin was human enough, and American determination to put American satellites into orbit was perfectly understandable. But to imitate an opponent when he has made the mistake of his life would be a new high in statesmanlike folly.

The Tide Turns

When East Germans fled to the West by the thousands, paeans of joy rose from the throats of Western publicists. They are less vocal now, when it is the West Berliners who are migrating. The flood is not as great — only 700 a week according to one apparently conservative account — but it is symptomatic. West Berlin morale is low and, in age distribution, the situation is unfavorable. Nearly 18 per cent of West Berlin's 2,200,000 residents are sixty-five or older, only 12.8 per cent are under fifteen.

R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., writing in *The Manchester Guardian*, states that departures from West Berlin are now running at the rate not of 700, but of 1,700 a week, and applications to leave have risen to 1,900 a week. The official statistics show that 60 per cent are employed workers or independent professional people. Whole families are moving and removal firms are booked for months ahead. The weekly loss is partly counterbalanced by 500 arrivals each week from West Germany, but the hard truth, says Crossman, is that "the closing off of East Berlin without interference from the West and with the use only of East German,

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as distinct from Russian, troops was a major Communist victory, which dealt West Berlin a deadly, possibly a fatal, blow. The gallant half-city is dying on its feet."

Another piece of evidence appears in a dispatch from Bonn in the *Observer* (London). Mark Arnold-Foster writes: "People are leaving [West Berlin] because they think it is dying. They are leaving so fast that the president of the West German Employers' Federation issued an appeal this week to factory workers in the West to volunteer for six months' front-line work in factories in West Berlin. Berlin's resilience is amazing, but if it has to hire its labor in the West the struggle will be hard indeed."

The handwriting is on the wall. The only hope for West Berlin lies in a compromise which will bring down the wall and reunite the city. State Department officials refusing to show their passes at the boundary, and driving two blocks into East Berlin under military escort, will not avail. Tanks lined up at the border will be no more helpful. The materials for compromise are at hand: *The Nation*, Walter Lippmann and other sober commentators (see Alan Clark on p. 367) have spelled them out again and again. A compromise will leave both sides without the glow of triumph, but it will save Berlin. Or the city can be a graveyard monument to Western intransigence, if that is what the West wants.

Vacancy

The removal of Stalin's body from the mausoleum he shared with Lenin to less distinguished quarters in the Kremlin wall is not unprecedented in history. It is, in fact, a relatively mild chastisement of the dead. A British writer, Richard Haestier, in a book, *Dead Men Tell Tales*, recalls that in the turmoil preceding the French Revolution the body of Henry IV, who had died nearly 180 years earlier, was torn to pieces by a mob. And in England, after the Restoration, the body of Cromwell was disinterred and hanged at Tyburn. The head was then fixed on a pole at Westminster, and the rest of the body was buried under the gallows.

Contemplating these posthumous punishments, Stalin should not lose all hope. In 1899, Parliament erected a statue to Cromwell in Westminster, facing Whitehall and there, presumably, he still stands. Nikita Khrushchev, however, has created yet another problem for himself. The Lenin tomb is obviously adequate for double occupancy, Moscow is a crowded city, and the creed of communism deplores waste. Who will take Stalin's place beside Lenin? There is Karl Marx, of course, buried in London. The Macmillan government might be willing to let him go, but he has been dead seventy-eight years and even the Soviet morticians could not make him look presentable. Who, then, is of sufficient stature to lodge with Lenin? Who but Nikita himself? Since he has just shown who is top dog, he may not be ready to receive this highest honor in the gift of the Soviet people. Besides, he can hardly avoid musing on the instability of death which, what with exhumations and rehabilitations, seems to match that of life. Suppose he did lie beside Lenin, would it be permanent? If some future Khrushchev decided to rake up the misdeeds of his revered predecessor, would not the factory workers pass the same resolutions applauding his dispossession? When a man is laid to rest, he is entitled to stay put. If Nikita buys a small plot in some modest rural cemetery, everyone will understand.

U Thant of Burma

The appointment of U Thant of Burma as the U.N.'s Acting Secretary General — at this writing, the choice appears to be certain — offers further proof that in politics it is more important to have no influential enemies than to have influential friends. Mongi Slim of Tunisia and Frederick Boland of Ireland were early favorites in the running, but France didn't like the former and the Soviet Union would have none of the latter. With the neutralists maintaining pressure for one of their own to succeed Mr. Hammarskjold, U Thant emerged as the only possible candidate unlikely to be waylaid by a veto. What is interesting is that his positive qualifications for the post were revealed only as a kind of tail to his candidacy. In all the bitter in-fighting, the squabbles over election procedures, the complicated numbers game that East and West played on the assistant secretaries' theme, the gentleman from Burma showed himself both as a man of principle and a skilled diplomat. He has, moreover, another qualification which augurs well for the future. He is a Buddhist, which means that to him peace and the sanctity of human life are not only religious dogma, but a profound and unshakable *Weltanschauung*.

U Thant, of course, will hold office until the spring of 1963, when Mr. Hammarskjold's term would have come to an end. Whether the compromises — on both sides — that made possible the interim appointment can then be repeated remains to be seen. Mr. Khrushchev's demand for a *troika* is dormant, not dead; the West may or not remain satisfied with the kind of neutralism that U Thant represents. In a sense, the showdown promised by Mr. Hammarskjold's sudden and tragic death has been avoided; no precedents have been set as yet; structurally, the U.N. is still fluid, vulnerable to the pressures that its new and enlarged membership are bringing to bear upon it. But at least the pessimists who believed that the world organization had plunged to its death in that plane crash in the Congo have been proved wrong.

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To the Hills, Girls

No one who has studied the radical Right can suppose that words are their sole staple in trade. These are mentalities which crave action — and they are beginning to get it, as Messrs. Salsich and Engh report on page 372. Even in areas where political connotations are (deliberately?) left vague, the spirit of vigilantism is spreading. *Friends*, a picture magazine distributed by Chevrolet dealers, describes a paramilitary organization of employees of the Gulf Telephone Company at Foley, Alabama. "If the day should ever come that foreign invaders swarm ashore along the Gulf Coast," the account reads, "they can count on heavy opposition from a group of commando-trained telephone employees — all girls. . . . Heavily armed and mobilized as a fast-moving Civil Defense outfit, 23 operators and office personnel . . . stand ready to move into action at a minute's notice." According to *Friends*, the unit was organized by John Snook, a former World War II commando who is vice president and general manager of the telephone company. The girls, very fetching in their uniforms, are shown firing rockets from a launcher mounted on a dump truck; they are also trained with carbines, automatic weapons, pistols, rifles and other such ladies' accessories.

This may be *opéra bouffe* now, but it will become more serious should the cold war mount in frenzy. The country is committed to the doctrine of security by military means. The doctrine has never worked; it is not working now. The official military establishment can only threaten to use its nuclear arms; it cannot bring them into actual play. A more dangerous formula for national frustration cannot be imagined. As the civic temper rises, the more naive citizens begin to play soldier — but the guns are real. Soon they will begin to hunt down the traitors they are assured are in our midst. It has happened before. In the nineteen thirties an organization which called itself the Christian Front was broken up by the government. It will be harder this time, but obviously the Department of Justice may have a job to do in this quarter.

Democracy on the Line

Cheddi Jagan, Premier of Guiana, visited Washington recently to ask for money. This is not unusual for premiers, especially new ones representing small, undeveloped, new countries. But Mr. Jagan's approach to his task left the capital a bit stunned. The Premier arrived with a full-blown reputation as a neutralist and a Socialist — one who might even go so far as to give the Kremlin a South American beachhead. Under the circumstances, one might have expected Mr. Jagan to come to Washington, if not exactly with hat in hand, at least with a suitcase full of disavowals of the past and bright pledges of loyalty to Western political and economic mores for the future. (This, of course, is the kind of suitcase best adapted to holding American money.) But what happened? Mr. Jagan got up before the Washington press corps, the biggest echo chamber in the country, and said out loud that he was a Socialist, that he had been democratically elected to office on a Socialist platform, and that while capitalism might be all right for the United States, what Guiana needed was socialism. Then his peroration: "What happens when a people, by an admittedly genuine popular vote, opt for a Socialist economic system? Will the United States respect this decision? Or is it just capitalism, and not democracy, that the United States is prepared to defend? . . . It is not our concept of democracy that is on trial, but yours."

While in Washington, Mr. Jagan spent ninety minutes with the President, and there is no reason to suppose that he was less frank with Mr. Kennedy than with the press. We hope that Mr. Jagan was able to return home with the comfortable feeling that it pays to be candid, even in diplomacy — and even in Washington.

Appeasement: Tyranny of a Slogan . . *by Alan Clark*

London

THE TERM "appeasement" has two meanings, one general, the other particular and historic. They are often confused, and this is particularly true of the present crisis over Berlin, where elements of both are present.

In general, appeasement is a legitimate device of power politics. The need for it arises when the objectives of one's opponent cannot be countered with force, either because the force available is not adequate or because the resultant conflict would be too high a price to pay for the limitation of those objectives. In the latter situation, the appeaser has but one advantage, i.e., the reluctance of civilized nations to resort to armed conflict under conditions of approximate general parity. His opponent cannot be sure that he will not fight, and so cannot push his demands to extremes. This element of uncertainty should allow the appeaser to extract from the situation something in addition to "peace" — although, measured in isolation from the political and military realities, the resultant settlement may seem indeed a bad bargain.

On a purely logical assessment, the present position in Berlin appears to

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demand an appeasement solution. For to contest the issue here by force would be to violate a cardinal rule of power politics—never to fight on ground of your adversary's choosing. The situation is also hopeless strategically. It was summarized over a year ago by B. H. Liddell Hart—probably the greatest military thinker of this century—when he wrote:

> Would any sane man stake his life on a game of poker where the opponent was known to hold all the master cards, and the only possible alternative to losing every round in turn would be to commit suicide? Yet the policy and contingency planning of the Western Powers amounts to nothing better than that. If put to the test they are bound to suffer one humiliating defeat after another as they raise the stakes, each increasingly disastrous—with only the prospect of surrender at the end unless they choose the fatal step of unleashing all-out nuclear war and making the world die for Berlin.

Given the present balance of weapons and political pressures, nuclear war is most likely to come through a process of escalation: frontier incidents, conventional encounters on a small scale, conventional fighting at divisional level, tentative use of tactical atomic weapons, atomic interdiction on a kiloton scale against bases and lines of communication; and then, finally, the thermonuclear strike, which may itself be deliberate and pre-emptive—or accidental.

IF the leaders of the West are seriously prepared to consider this last possibility as feasible, then they should risk it as a climax to some politico-strategic initiative of their own, where *they* choose the ground and *they* collect the spoils that may be acquired through so desperate a policy. There are places where the Communist bloc is vulnerable to leverage of this kind, but the center of Europe is not one of them.

Unfortunately, though, the situation there has long been clouded by a number of other factors, the majority of them emotive in origin. Among the secondary elements are the heightening alarmism of reports in the popular press, the pressure of an active but well-concealed West German lobby (in London and Paris as well as Washington), bewilderment at the manner in which American sincerity and generosity is repeatedly outmaneuvered by the cynical opportunism of the Soviets, and a very understandable irritation at the shifts and petty betrayals of allies and neutrals.

The primary element may be found in the very suddenness of America's succession to world-power status; her lack of a sense of history and of experience of the cyclical evolution of the power pattern in Europe.

The effect of all this has been that a large body of opinion in the United States is now so baffled by the "problem" that it has uncritically accepted a drastic simplification, reducing the issues at stake to a single sweeping abstraction—that of the "Free World" versus "Communist Tyranny." But once specific issues are submerged in a concept that is itself incapable of definition, we are lost—for it is no longer clear what can be conceded and what must be preserved. It becomes all, or nothing. For one of the protagonists there must be an unbearable loss of face.

TO JUSTIFY this posture, its defenders have called upon a historical analogy of recent date, the prewar history of "appeasement." But is this analogy valid? If we are to invoke history, we must try to see things historically, in terms of power and political balance, unclouded by ideology and "principle." And a study of that unhappy period would seem to show that only the Russians have correctly understood its lessons. For the counterpart of the Berlin crisis is not the Rhineland, or *Anschluss*, or Munich, but the conferences at Genoa and Lucerne in the twenties, when Europe's eternal problem—that of German Revisionism—could still be settled by the wartime allies, and when Germany herself had little positive say in the matter.

What happened on those occasions? The Allies fell out; they suspected one another; separately they courted the favor of the emergent Reich. The opportunity passed and the Germans went on to acquire a large Army, an independent foreign policy and, in due course, a new regime.

TODAY the situation, although similar, is further advanced. The large Army and the independent foreign policy are already present, and the Russians may well believe that what perfunctory restraints are at present exercised by the NATO apparatus will have only a limited life. Already the Germans are allowed to make rockets; they openly advert their claim to parts of Poland; they insist upon a full complement of atomic weapons for their Army—itself the largest in Europe.

And there is another factor. It is unpalatable, but in a realistic survey of this kind it must be faced. The people of Europe, Western Europe as well as Eastern, loathe and detest the Germans. Whatever their leaders may say and however high-minded the form in which such a proposition is put across, they will never fight to protect Germany from Russia. This is of no importance where the conflict takes the form of a six-hour annihilation; but if it should follow an escalatory pattern, such a weakness could lead to appalling humiliation for the West.

A fortnight ago we read speeches, *by members of the Bonn Government,* to the Iron Cross Association and at the launching of the first of a new series of U-boats. These speeches extolled militarism and "Germanic" virtues; communism and Western solidarity were not mentioned. Such things chafe the scars of World War II. The Americans, who are a generous and forgiving people and who have never experienced German brutality, may find this incomprehensible. To them, one statistic should be cited. At its peak strength in 1943, Hitler's *SS* num-

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ALAN CLARK is foremost among a new school of youthful historians to emerge in postwar Britain under the tutelage of such authorities as Trevor-Roper and Liddell Hart. He is the author of The Donkeys, *a study of the personalities and conduct of the General Staff in 1915 — a bestseller in England which will be published in the United States early next year by William Morrow.*

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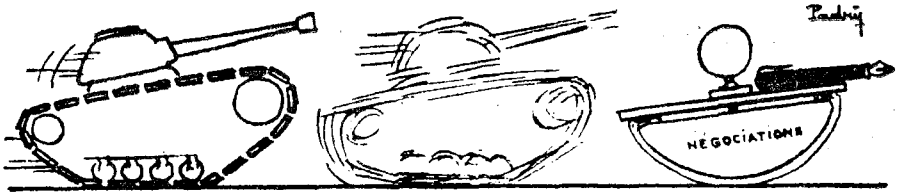
bered 178,000 men. Of these, 2,166 were arraigned for war crimes in 1945-6 and 312 were executed; the remaining 1,854 were sentenced to varying periods of imprisonment (almost all have since been released under different amnesties). This means that, estimating conservatively, there are over 150,000 men alive in Germany today who wore a uniform that will forever be associated with the most frightful excesses of cruelty. They buried RAF prisoners alive as happily as they roasted Polish children. Why, today, should we regard them as reliable allies? Have we already forgotten the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939? The fact is that no single measure would do more to ease the tensions in Central Europe than an agreed and controlled demilitarization of the two Germanys.

To remind ourselves of these things is not to be "anti-German" or "soft on communism." When we think rationally, we must dismiss from our mind emotive concepts such as these. We must look ahead, not months or years, but decades. That is the function of history, to aid us in calculating the future by measuring the past.

IN THE twentieth century, power values alter rapidly. Three decades ago, the Poles were the second land power in Europe; they had destroyed the Russian Army at Vilna and talked of marching west on Berlin. What is Poland's ranking as a power today? Italy, twenty-five years ago, was believed to be so strong that the British Admiralty told Baldwin that "they could not guarantee the Mediterranean against her"; now Italy ranks below Switzerland in terms of military capacity.

It is true that, at this moment, there is only one power against which a war is conceivable, but does this make it inevitable? And will this still be true when our children are grown up?

Huge as she is, powerful, mysterious and proclaiming an ideology wholly alien to our own habits and society, Russia—by the very realism of her policies, her tortuous evasions and betrayals—has led the West to attribute to her some sinister grand design. There is nothing new in this.



Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

Suggested metamorphosis en route to Berlin

History shows her always in a posture of menace, never actually aggressive; and today the threat is exaggerated by an accident of circumstance which has joined to Russia's military power a persuasive ideology which gives her an extraordinary leverage in the internal affairs of other countries.

In the prevailing climate of opinion, it is most impolitic to make this assertion, but the fact is that militarily Russia has been always passive. Even the suppression of the Hungarian revolt was a corrective, not an aggressive, measure; and since 1945, the frontiers of Soviet influence have contracted with withdrawals from Finland and Austria.

Furthermore, of one thing we can be certain: through all the inconsistencies of Russian policy there runs one central theme—the interests of the Russian state. Will these interests be furthered, could they conceivably be served in any way, by going to war? In every case, the answer must be "no"—with one exception. The exception is best illustrated by asking ourselves another question—one to which the answer is far less reassuring. Could it be that Mr. Khrushchev sees further ahead than the West, that he is trying to build a system in Europe that will be secure not only in 1965 and 1970, but decades hence, when China and Germany will be immeasurably more powerful, and when atomic weapons will be found in the armories of a dozen nations?

If this is the case, and if, failing a proper settlement, the Russians regard a war with a revanchist Germany as certain within the next ten years, they may well be prepared to go to any length short of strategic thermonuclear devastation to achieve their purpose. And so the present situation becomes acutely dangerous.

No survey of this kind would be complete without mention of the personal and factional stresses that exist within the USSR itself. We get little reliable evidence of these; they can only be inferred from alterations in policy emphasis, the public utterances of members of the Presidium, and scraps of rumor. But every four years we have the Communist Party Congress, and from the speeches there and supporting comment in the Soviet press it is possible to piece together a history of the disputes that have gone before, and form an estimate of those to come.

IT IS PLAIN from the whole tone and manner of the attack upon it that the "anti-party group" is still strong, and that Khrushchev regards it as dangerous. We would do well to share his apprehensions.

The July 20th plot shows that even in the most rigid and highly policed dictatorships there will always be found devoted idealists with the courage and skill to attempt a violent *coup d'etat*. But the men who wish to do away with Khrushchev are not cultivated liberals like von Stauffenberg and Yorck, but fanatical Marxists who believe that he has betrayed the Revolution with his liberalization policies and his cultivation of the expert "new class." These men are the old guard of Stalinism, irreconcilable enemies of Western civilization. At present there is stalemate between the two groups. Khrushchev is inviolate because he has the support of Army and party, but he cannot eliminate the Stalinists—partly because the very machine which he must use in such an operation, the State Security Police, is itself Stalinist and has been for that reason partially dismantled; and partly because he cannot yet afford a total breach with China, which he is hoping to postpone until after the death of Mao Tse-tung.

In preserving this delicate balance the issues of foreign policy bulk

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large. Khrushchev can take defeat in the Congo, in Lebanon and Iraq; he can drag his feet exploiting his success in Cuba and Laos. What he cannot afford is a charge of jeopardizing Soviet security in a region within its own frontiers, as close to the nerve-center of communism, as is Berlin. If the West gets its way over Berlin *in toto*, it may well find that at the next crisis Russia is no longer led by Khrushchev and that the threat of a nuclear Pearl Harbor has altered from an alarmist nightmare to a horrifying probability.

In sum, then, an evaluation of the highly complex and dangerous position in Europe forces certain conclusions, which are as follows:

First, the analogy with the appeasement of Nazi Germany before the war is false. The only lesson which that period has to teach us is the necessity for a German settlement *and its rigid enforcement.*

Second, the military and political realities of the situation in Berlin, together with such evidence as we have of internal pressures within the Soviet Union, would seem to recommend our adopting a course of appeasement *in that theatre alone.*

Today the United States is the great superpower of the world. She has the capacity to settle the destiny of man for many hundreds of years. It is preposterous that she could consider throwing away this status and this opportunity by taking up a spurious challenge in a region where historical fact and strategic expediency are against her.

Kennedy is one of the few Presidents who can stand an intellectual comparison with Julius Caesar. Confronted by the squabbles of his "Allies" and the pride of their octogenarian leaders, we can only hope that he will be as fearless in arbitration, and as decisive in enforcement, as that great Roman.

WALKOUT IN MOSCOW . . *by Alexander Werth*

THE MOST surprising thing about the Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party is that it *was* surprising — perhaps quite as much, in its own way, as the Twentieth Congress of 1956, which ended with that famous "secret" report on Stalin. The publication last July of the party's Draft Program — that blueprint for the "transition to communism" — had led the uninitiated to suppose that this Twenty-second Congress would be a sort of apotheosis of the Khrushchev regime, a solemn consecration of ideas which had, in fact, been current over the last three or four years (i.e., since the defeat of the "anti-party group") in all theoretical party journals. These never ceased to suggest that if, in the eyes of Marx and Lenin "full communism" was still a very distant ideal, the establishment of a Communist society had now, under Khrushchev, become an "immediate and tangible reality." It seems that Khrushchev himself took a very special pride in having made a world-shaking contribution to Marxist doctrine with his Draft Program (a large part of his twelve-hour speech at the recent Congress was, in fact, very largely a rehash of that interminable document). He and other Soviet leaders responsible for the document were proud of having brought forward some new formulas, such as the early replacement of the dictatorship of the proletariat by an "All People's State," and also of having laid down the lines for a much greater "democratization" of the whole hierarchy of Soviets, starting with the Supreme Soviet itself. Their plan for rotation of leaders promised a salutary blow at "bureaucracy" and would enable "the people" to take a more direct and active part in running the country. Also, elections would be more democratic; there might even be two or more candidates for voters to choose from.

No doubt, there was still a lot in the Draft Program—and in Khrushchev's speech—which left many points obscure. Was it the party's intention, for example, to abolish gradually the *kolkhoz* system and replace it by uniformly wage-earning *sovkhozes*, i.e., state farms (which were, moreover, to be progressively "urbanized")? As we know, the Soviet peasant today still very largely thrives on being able to sell the produce grown on his private plot; and it is still very far from certain how valid the party's claim is that in "a growing number of *kolkhozes*" the peasants are finding it more profitable to surrender their private plots to the *kolkhoz* and to let the latter be turned into something increasingly like a state farm. If one follows the reports of the Congress, one finds that there still seems considerable uncertainty in the minds of the leaders themselves about what exactly to do in this matter.

The Draft Program was interesting in other respects, too. It contained, for example, a number of curious admissions about the peasants, who enjoy no sickness benefits, no old-age pensions, no paid holidays; they still benefit far less than the "other" 50 per cent of the nation from that "welfare state" which the Soviet Union so greatly prides itself on being.

OVER ALL these fairly awkward problems Khrushchev was to skate rather lightly; and, though he repeated, over and over again, the spectacular figures of industrial and agricultural production in 1980, the "ordinary" people in Russia are still a little uncertain as to how "communism" is really going to work in practice, especially in respect of food. Would agriculture progress as rapidly as industry? This was something

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on which K. himself seemed to have some doubts; for he kept on threatening that he would "pull the ears" of those responsible for agricultural production. And, as we know, the Virgin Lands are *not* producing as much as Khrushchev had hoped.

One cannot but wonder whether these doubts about the success of Khrushchev's agricultural policy have not at least something to do with one of the big surprises provided by this Congress—the obsessive harping on the crimes and misdeeds of the "anti-party group" — Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich and others—including the eighty-year-old Marshal Voroshilov. Molotov, in particular, is being charged with all kinds of sins—especially with wanting to cut down free public services, to increase rents and fares; in fact, with having been against *all* the more popular features of the Khrushchev "welfare state." The trouble with all these doctrinal quarrels is that we hear only one side of the story: what, in the secret councils of the Kremlin, Molotov had *really* proposed, we just don't know, and he has had no chance to reply.

Crawford in Newark News

"Fall in — pretty, please!"

BUT ONE cannot escape the suspicion that all this non-stop harping on the misdeeds of the long liquidated "anti-party" group would be totally unnecessary if there were not, inside the party, some secret but genuine opposition to Khrushchev on vital doctrinal grounds, on the actual methods to be employed in the "transition to communism" and, last but not least, on foreign policy.

The whole problem of "peaceful coexistence and peaceful competition" with the capitalist world is in the very center of this Congress. Mikoyan declared:

> Molotov altogether rejects the line of peaceful coexistence, reducing this concept merely to the state of peace or rather, the absence of war at a given moment, and to a denial of the possibility of averting a world war. His views, in fact, coincide with those of foreign enemies of peaceful coexistence, who look upon it merely as a variant of the "cold war" or of an "armed peace."

One cannot help wondering whether Molotov and the rest of the "anti-party group" are not being used as China's whipping-boys by Khrushchev and his faithful followers. For something, clearly, has gone very, very seriously wrong in Soviet-Chinese relations, which were never easy, and have now deteriorated.

The effect of Chou En-lai's clash with Khrushchev, together with the everlasting attacks on Molotov & Co., has shifted the whole attention of the world, including that of the Soviet people, from the "epoch-making" twenty-year program to the present Soviet-Chinese conflict. Not only, as we know, did Chou En-lai publicly treat Khrushchev's attack on Albania as "something that we cannot consider as a serious Marxist-Leninist approach" to the problem (i.e., as something thoroughly dictatorial and "undemocratic"), but the Albanian leaders went out of their way to be openly abusive to Khrushchev, calling him a liar, a bully, and so on. It is extremely doubtful that the handful of Albanians who call themselves Communists could have done this without the direct approval of their Chinese friends. The big question is whether, in the name of a restored Chinese-Soviet solidarity, the Chinese will choose to persuade the Albanians to present their humble apologies to Khrushchev—or get rid of Enver Hoxa. These seem about the only two ways in which the "unhappy incident" can now be closed.

But Albania is merely a symptom of a real malaise between China and Russia. There are other symptoms. Khrushchev, for all his bombastic prophecies about the inevitable decay of capitalism, is genuinely favorable to "peaceful coexistence" and would like, above all, the Berlin and German problems to be settled peacefully; he knows that he was never more popular than at the time of the Russo-American "honeymoon" of 1959. But it seems that pressures against him are coming from somewhere—in the first place from China,

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but perhaps also from that "China Lobby" which, I was assured in Moscow nearly two years ago, exists on the quiet inside the party. To these people, solidarity and unity with China should be the real basis of Russia's future policy. And the Chinese, as the Albanian incident shows, have strong suspicions that Khrushchev is anxious to secure a "shameful" peace with the West. The fact that China (which is obsessed by Formosa—to Khrushchev a very small matter) should be supported by North Korea and North Vietnam is highly indicative. And one cannot but wonder whether Marshal Malinovsky, who was blowing hot and cold, exalting peace but also almost openly considering the possibility of preventive war against the West, wasn't trying to keep the Chinese quiet. And this brings us inevitably to the 30- or 50-megaton bomb. Was not this dropped primarily in order to "appease" the Chinese—especially after Khrushchev's "humiliating" surrender to the West in canceling

"I'll play the winner!"

the German peace-treaty deadline of December 31?

What does it all add up to? Indications are that Khrushchev (and, with him, the bulk of the Soviet people) favor peaceful coexistence and (with the exception of Berlin) the maintenance of the *status quo* in the world. The Chinese, North Vietnamese and North Koreans, on the other hand, feel that, militarily, Russia is strong enough to support them in the "just wars of liberation" they would like to embark on before long: with China attacking Formosa and the North Koreans and North Vietnamese liberating the southern half of their respective countries.

Perhaps Khrushchev is in a more difficult position than any since 1957, when the "anti-party group" nearly liquidated him. He seems strong enough inside the party to cope with any internal opposition; but if he is up against China's crusading spirit in world affairs, he is going to be faced with the most agonizing choice in his life. He may support China (but he won't); he may break with China (which would be infernally difficult and perhaps disastrous), or he may succeed, by all kinds of dangerous concessions, in persuading China to be patient. The next days may show where things stand.

THE ARMED SUPERPATRIOTS

A little publicized aspect of the America we live in is the subject of the following reports from two widely separated cities (see also editorial on p. 367). Both articles are the work of local newspaper men.—EDITOR.

In the Midwest

Peter W. Salsich, Jr.

St. Louis

ON a misty Sunday morning last month, a small band of militant anti-Communists called the Minutemen held maneuvers in a foggy field about fifteen miles east of here. Eleven men, a woman and a teen-age boy tramped over cold, damp, fog-enshrouded ground during a two-hour field drill in the problems of guerrilla warfare.

To the average American, this must sound like an incredible tale from a Saturday night TV movie. But to the Minutemen, this is serious business. They feel that the United States is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with communism for survival and world supremacy. They feel that World War III has already begun, and they are setting themselves up as a "last line of defense" against the Communist advance.

Their national leader, Robert Bolivar DePugh of Norborne, Mo., says the Minutemen believe that guerrilla tactics are best suited to defeat the Red onslaught. In their maneuvers last month, they wore World War II camouflage garb and helmets, and carried unloaded M-1 rifles.

The maneuvers were held "in secret" after a regional seminar for the Minutemen, held in nearby Shiloh, Ill., had been broken up the previous day by deputy sheriffs, who had arrested regional leader Richard Lauchli of Collinsville, Ill., and seized four operative weapons, including a Browning machine gun, two Browning automatic rifles and an M-4 rifle.

Undismayed by this contretemps, a small band of the faithful gathered at Lauchli's home at 6:30 A.M. the next day, put on their uniforms, and headed for a farm several miles away. A 60 mm. mortar and a 57 mm. recoilless rifle owned by Lauchli were brought along. The mortar was equipped with dummy shells and the recoilless rifle was deactivated.

After a tortuous drive in an open truck and a World War II army jeep down soggy trails, the band arrived at a small clearing squeezed between a long, low ridge and a creek-filled gully. Here the two leaders, DePugh

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and Lauchli, hastened to put the group through its paces.

The Minutemen were instructed in the use of terrain for concealment. They were shown how to advance against an enemy outpost atop a cleared ridge. They practiced movement behind a smoke screen laid by smoke grenades; and they attempted a skirmish line of advance against a camouflaged enemy encampment. Eleven dummy rounds were fired by Lauchli in a demonstration of rapid-fire mortar shooting.

Mrs. DePugh, the mother of five children and an active member of her husband's organization, participated in all the exercises.

There were no "casualties," but the "guerrillas" admitted to being "a little tired" when the leaders called a halt at 9 A.M. to enable out-of-town members to catch a plane. Members of the band declined to reveal their names, but they told this writer that some had come from Chicago and Minneapolis.

MANEUVERS such as these have been held in San Antonio, Omaha, Philadelphia, Columbus, Kansas City and Newark, according to DePugh. They are held from time to time "to get the local groups out in the field to develop their own techniques."

The organization was founded in June, 1960, by a group of ten men, among them DePugh. A chemist and an Army veteran of World War II, the thirty-seven-year-old DePugh soon advanced to the head of the movement and set up shop in Independence, Mo., not far from his home in Norborne.

The remaining nine charter members fanned out over the country seeking volunteers. DePugh estimates that the national membership totals about 25,000. He said he hopes to acquire 1,000,000 members by 1963.

The Minutemen's organizational structure differs considerably from the military. Its basic unit is a squad of six to twelve members, and members work mostly within their own squads. The location and membership of each squad is kept in separate sealed envelopes near the Minutemen headquarters. "If a Minuteman should be captured," says DePugh, "one squad is the most that would be in danger of exposure. It will be almost impossible for an enemy to hunt us all out by following contacts from one squad to another."

The Minutemen's strategy is based on guerrilla warfare. In a lecture on guerrilla tactics at Shiloh, DePugh said that history offers many examples of superior armies eventually being overcome and defeated by guerrillas. "The guerrilla's strength is in his heart, in his love for his country, in his hatred for the enemy," DePugh said. "His chief weapons are stealth, cunning, endurance and, most of all, an intense belief in the righteousness of his own cause."

In defining the purpose of his organization, DePugh quotes a statement made by President Kennedy shortly after taking office:

> Today we need a nation of Minutemen—citizens who are not only prepared to take up arms but citizens who regard the preservation of freedom as a basic purpose of their daily life and who are willing consciously to work and sacrifice for that freedom.

He also quotes a later statement of the President:

> Unless individual Americans plan to protect their own families, the most ambitious and carefully organized plans of government will prove inadequate.

"We don't want to influence anyone politically and we are not radicals," DePugh told this writer. "We're just loyal American citizens

who are tired of being pushed around by the Communists."

Another justification for the Minutemen's existence, according to DePugh, is a statement from the 1960 Annual Report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, in which the committee takes the view that the American people will have to rely on more than the armed forces of this country to protect themselves from Communist domination.

The nature of the attacks being made on the United States by its "major and only significant enemy," the report continues, "are so designed as to render conventional military forces as ineffective as possible for defense purposes."

IN AN affort to serve as an effective, if unconventional, defensive force, DePugh's men have built up an extensive arsenal of weapons. All are privately owned and all have been purchased in strict accordance with federal rules and regulations, the Minutemen claim.

At the Shiloh meeting, there was a surprisingly extensive display of weapons; most of them had been gathered by Lauchli at various times during and since the war. Included in the exhibit were a 60 mm. mortar, a 75 mm. recoilless rifle, a 20 mm. anti-tank gun, several machine guns, M-1 rifles and varieties of small arms and grenades.

It was this arsenal that caused all the furor at the meeting. After several hours of confused deliberation and discussion, township and county officials arrested Lauchli on charges of "willful and unlawful possession

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of illegal firearms." Lauchli argued that the weapons had been purchased lawfully from the government, or from firms doing business with the government, and that they were used only for instruction purposes. He argued, further, that all the automatic weapons had been deactivated to comply with federal statutes and that none of the members had any ammunition for them.

BY TEACHING members the use of these weapons and by taking advantage of the American's right to own firearms, under certain conditions, the Minutemen hope to build a guerrilla-type defensive force that could prevent a Communist takeover of this country.

"Before anyone mocks us as a group of amateurs," DePugh has said, "let him first inform himself of the immense defensive potential of an armed, dedicated and patriotic civilian population." He told this writer: "We hope we never have to use the weapons and knowledge at our disposal, but we're afraid the time will come when we will be forced to stand and fight."

DePugh, son of a former deputy sheriff in Kansas City, ran for Congress from Jackson County, Mo. (Kansas City), several years ago, "but I wasn't a serious condidate." He has a bachelor of science degree from Washburn College in Topeka, Kan., and attended Kansas State University, the University of Missouri and the University of Colorado.

Lauchli, the local regional leader, is thirty-five and an ex-paratrooper. He runs a machine shop and is a member of a gun club. In 1957, he formed an organization called the Internal Security Force of Illinois, which affiliated with the Minutemen about six months ago.

Lauchli was fined $500 and placed on probation for two years after he stole some bazookas from the Madison, Ind., proving grounds in 1959. He admitted that he had taken twenty-three surplus Army bazookas to provide instruction pieces for his group. He denied emphatically reports that the weapons were sent to Latin American countries for shipment to Castro revolutionaries. "Only one got out of Indiana, and that went to Illinois," he said.

In the Far West

Hans Engh

Santa Barbara

A FEW MONTHS ago, a group of sportsmen got together in San Diego, Calif., and organized what they called the Loyal Order of the Mountain Men Society. Their basic aim is to learn "how to live off the land, in wilderness or desert areas, in the event of any disaster." They made it clear that disaster does not mean just nuclear war. It could also be an earthquake or an invasion. "We are basically survival, search and rescue groups," said W. F. Colley, a free-lance photographer. He calls himself Southern California division director of the organization.

As is to be expected in this area, where any group touched by the macabre or off-beat is assured a rousing welcome, the society soon was able to report that twenty-three "survival groups" had been formed with a membership totaling about 2,500. Some prefer to call them "guerrilla bands."

A couple of weeks ago, Colley presided at a meeting of the groups' leaders in Santa Barbara. Among items discussed was a mass bivouac to be held at some central point in the state. They also apparently decided that the time had come for them to shut their mouths. Colley said: "We can't afford all the publicity. We don't have the money to answer all the letters we get. We are not in the recruiting business."

It appears that the decision to say nothing to anybody about anything is indeed a question of survival. Colley claims he has had nine film showings canceled and that he has been unemployed since stories about the society appeared in local newspapers.

This is not to say that the members were given to flowery oration about their activities even before the Santa Barbara meeting. They used the favorite line of certain other groups: "There is nothing secret about our organization, but we don't care to give out the names of our members nor where we meet." Colley said: "Unwarranted adverse criticism is hurting the careers of some of our members." He also said: "We prefer to keep our meeting places secret to avoid such things as calls from dumb nuts who want to go and fight Castro. . . . We don't want anyone to get the idea that we are a group of panic-button pushers or gun-toting ex-servicemen."

Colley explained that the group leaders decided at their Santa Barbara meeting to join the Minute Men, an organization they had previously known nothing about. "The Minute Men" now appears on their letterhead. [The Midwest group prefers the spelling "Minutemen." — Ed.]

Meanwhile, these California mountaineers are filling their cars with rifles and ammunition, as well as survival equipment, food, clothing and bedding "in the event we are caught at work in a disaster." Colley explained: "We carry guns only to shoot game for survival."

In addition to training in survival techniques, mountaineering, first aid, map and compass reading, judo and jeep driving, the men also practice guerrilla warfare. This reportedly is not for the purpose of usurping the powers of the military in case of an invasion, but because members may be required to fight back if they are driven into the mountains.

They repeatedly have said that they do not intend to interfere with the operations of the military or Civil Defense. In fact, they assert they are even prepared to help others

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if they can. Asked why they did not consider joining the National Guard, or working with established Civil Defense organizations, Colley answered that some of the men are too old to join the guard and "CD doesn't go far enough." He has admitted that the society has met with some "static" from Civil Defense and other quarters.

Colley time and again has stressed that although the groups are anti-Communist, they do not wish to be so labeled, and that they are just honest-to-goodness survival groups.

Despite such assurances, the society's oath consists almost entirely of a wordy statement that the signer is not nor has ever been "a member of the Communist Party or any other party, organization, group or clan which does now or has ever advocated the overthrow of the constitutional government of the United States of America by force, violence or any other means." I say "almost entirely" because there is an interesting addendum. In the final paragraph of the oath, the member agrees that "no oath or agreement shall supersede this loyalty oath."

What happens if a member is called into an important government position requiring him to uphold the Constitution of the United States? Which oath comes first?

Unions and the Anti-Trust Laws . . *by William Gomberg*

SEN. JOHN L. McCLELLAN of Arkansas and Rep. David Martin of Nebraska are again beating the drums to place the unions under the anti-monopoly laws. Once more the fallacious equation is advanced to argue that since business is restricted under the anti-monopoly laws, there must be a corresponding restriction against labor unions: the law must treat everybody equally. Or, in the words of Anatole France, "The law in its majestic equality must forbid the rich, as well as the poor, from begging in the streets and sleeping under bridges."

The public atmosphere that has been generated which makes acceptance of this law a possibility stems from the disrepute into which the labor movement has fallen as a result of Mr. McClellan's hearings into corruption in labor-management relations and, later, into the jurisdictional squabbles that plagued industrial relations at the missile sites. The Senator was shocked by stoppages over allegedly trivial disputes that delayed our missile program. In addition, disclosures that missile workers were earning sums far in excess of what is paid for equivalent work elsewhere provoked his indignation on behalf of the American taxpayer who was footing the bill.

It is now disclosed that the taxpayer not only pays for high wages, but he pays the employers' strike expenses when the latter undertakes to fight a strike. *Business Week* (Aug. 9, 1961) reports that the United Aircraft Company, against which the International Association of Machinists had undertaken a strike, decided to keep its plants operating. The company incurred some $10 million of expenses attributable to four factors: advertising to attract new employees, hiring and training them, extra overtime, and defective work performed by the new workers. The company has billed the United States Government for $7,500,000 of these expenses under the Defense Department regulation allowing costs of a type generally recognized as ordinary and necessary for the conduct of the contractor's business.

Rep. Frank Kowalski of Connecticut has brought this problem to the attention of the Armed Services Committee. The committee remains unresponsive. Neither has Congessman Martin nor Senator McClellan been heard from on the matter; they are preoccupied with ending labor abuses by extending the anti-monopoly laws to the unions.

THE RECENT publicity attending the successful federal prosecution of a conspiracy indictment against a number of electrical manufacturers has evoked a new respect for the anti-trust laws that is justified neither by their rationale nor by the results they have obtained. The anti-trust laws inform a business that it must compete, but along completely undefined lines; it must play a game in which there never is a winner. The fact is that any business that wants to operate successfully cannot follow the law. Hypocrisy thus becomes the answer to a foolish public policy.

Let us look at the heavy-electrical-goods industry in which General Electric, Westinghouse and a number of other manufacturers were recently convicted of engaging in a conspiracy to rig prices and allocate the market. The industry is so structured that price-setting by a multi-product company will vary with the way overhead charges are allocated — whether marginal or average pricing is applied.

The problem becomes even more complex where an enterprise is engaged in the manufacture of a wide variety of other goods in addition to the heavy electrical equipment. Accounting procedures can be varied to provide a rationale for almost any price. Naturally, enterprises of the size of General Electric are in a position to structure their prices in such a way that the relatively small competitors can be forced to the wall in a very short time. Should these giants really flex their competitive muscles, they would become the only survivors in the industry. Uncle Sam would then accuse them of creating a monopoly by "unfair competition." But if they show self-restraint, they don't get the orders.

Under the circumstances, the only

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Drawing by Berger

Senator McClellan

protection for the relatively small manufacturers is to engage in exactly the kind of conspiracy with the giants for which the latter were convicted. Engaging in such a conspiracy was an act of mercy by the giants. The paradox implicit in the whole affair is shown by the demand of the government, after the conviction, that General Electric sign a wide-open consent decree that *it would not reduce prices so low as to compete seriously with its fellows*. In other words, the anti-trust laws, designed to reduce prices to the consumer on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, become a tool to protect the marginal manufacturer on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. And which theory would govern the enforcers of the law on Sunday?

THE QUESTION might be asked: "Don't the managements of the heavy-electrical-goods manufacturers know these facts? Why did they engage in a flood of *mea culpas*, throw a few scapegoats to the dogs and promise to be good boys thereafter, expressing their complete confidence in the laws?"

The past usefulness of the anti-trust laws to management was explained by Thurman Arnold, in *The Folklore of Capitalism*, back in 1937. He wrote:

> (P. 211) . . . the anti-trust laws were the answer of a society which unconsciously felt the need of great organizations, and at the same time had to deny them a place in the moral and logical ideology of the social structure. (P. 214) . . . anti-trust laws became the greatest protection to uncontrolled business dictatorship. (P. 215) . . . when corporate abuses were attacked, it was done on the theory that criminal penalties would be invoked rather than control. . . . In this manner, every scheme for direct control broke to pieces on the great protective rock of the anti-trust laws. (Pp. 228-229) . . . in any event, it is obvious that the anti-trust laws did not prevent the formation of some of the greatest financial empires the world has ever known, held together by some of the most fantastic ideas, all based on the fundamental notion that a corporation is an individual who can trade and exchange goods without control by the government.

This escape from control has led to management's evaluating the risk of occasional irrational prosecution as worth while. A plea of *nolo contendere*, followed by a nominal fine, after all is a small price to pay for this untrammeled license. (The penalties handed out in the electrical case, which included jail sentences, were unprecedented in anti-trust prosecutions, perhaps because the conspirators had displayed unusual ineptness in their pricing activities.)

If a substitute mechanism is needed for the control of a fictitious impersonal market, quite obviously some method must be devised for representing the public interest. A secret conspiracy of manufacturers is hardly such a vehicle. However, one can argue that no such control is necessary as long as one pretends that the anti-trust laws are effective and rational. Quite clearly the anti-trust laws are neither effective nor rational—and yet the argument goes that they should be extended to the labor union.

THOSE WHO favor placing trade unions under anti-trust laws imply that they are advocating a brand new reform.

Before 1933, individuals who opposed trade unions and collective bargaining said so in plain English. The acceptance of collective bargaining as a national policy in 1934, implicit in the writing of Section 7A of the National Industrial Recovery Act, has made it impolitic to oppose collective bargaining in principle. The Wagner Act, the Taft-Hartley Act and the Landrum-Griffin Act all endorse the principle of collective bargaining.

The basic purpose of an effective collective-bargaining system is the removal of wages from competition. If a union cannot perform this function, then collective bargaining is being palmed off by organizers as a gigantic fraud.

The tortured reasoning that unions use to deny their ambition to exercise monopoly power over the supply and price of labor is one of the things that create a legal profession. The problem must be faced squarely. If laborers are merely commodities competing against each other in a market place like so many bags of wheat and corn (unsupported, by the way, by any agricultural subsidy), then they may be pardoned for reacting with complete antagonism to a system that imposes such status upon them.

Human labor was exactly that — a commodity — in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century America. As early as 1776, Adam Smith wrote in *The Wealth of Nations*: "We have no acts of Parliament against combining to lower the price of work; but many against combining to raise it." Eighteenth-century England, upon whose customs our common law was built, had outlawed unions as monopolies and conspiracies. In 1825, the Boston house carpenters' strike for a ten-hour day was denounced by the organized employers, who declared: "It is . . . considered that all combinations by any classes of citizens intended to . . . effect the value of labor . . . tend to convert all its branches into monopolies."

There were no pious hypocrisies then about being *for* collective bargaining, but *against* labor monopoly. The courts shared the opinion of the employers. In *People vs. Fisher*, Justice Savage of the New York Supreme Court declared:

> Without any officious and improper interference on the subject, the price of labor or the wages of mechanics will be regulated by the demand for

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> the manufactured article and the value of that which is paid for it; but the right does not exist to raise . . . the wages of the mechanic by any forced and artificial means.

Compare this statement of a nineteenth-century judge with how Congressman Martin, according to the *Daily Labor Report* of Sept. 19, 1961, defends the necessity of enacting anti-trust legislation in the field of labor "if we wish to prevent monopolistic fixing of wages, production or prices and if we wish to preserve the freedom of the employer and his employees to contract on wages, hours and conditions of employment."

Senator McClellan is proposing the application of anti-trust measures to unions in transportation. His bill, allegedly aimed at Hoffa, would amend the Sherman, Clayton and Norris-LaGuardia acts to authorize the issuance of federal injunctions in any transportation strike and would make it illegal for any union to act in concert with any other union — even a sister local in the same international.

Paradoxically, the same week in which Senator McClellan was attempting to extend the anti-trust act to labor in transportation, the Civil Aeronautics Board was assuring the airlines that if they met in concert to eliminate many costly features of air travel, the action would not be deemed a violation of the anti-trust act. Indeed, it is in the field of transportation that Congress has most frequently granted employers exemption from the anti-trust laws; for example, the organization of steamship conferences to set freight rates and the encouragement of railroads to seek mergers. At the very moment that every attempt is being made to take management out from under the irrationality of anti-trust legislation, a drive is on to abolish collective bargaining under the guise of extending the anti-monopoly laws to unions who want no more than to continue to set wages in the same way that ship operators set freight rates.

THE passage of the Sherman Act was aimed at giant monopolies. It was most effective against trade unions. In the famous Danbury Hatters case, a suit was brought against the union by the Loewe Company for monopolistic practices, e.g., trying to persuade consumers not to purchase the product of the struck manufacturer. The suit against the union was successful and many workers lost their homes to pay off the judgment.

In 1914, the Clayton Act attempted to take labor out from under the anti-trust legislation by stating that human labor was not to be considered a commodity. The law could not suspend economics. Labor remained a commodity — but presumably a privileged one granted immunization from the anti-trust laws.

The courts, by interpretation, emasculated the act. In 1922, the United Mine Workers struck the Coronado Coal Company. The company sued under the anti-trust laws, alleging that the union's activity interfered with the movement of interstate commerce. (What other purpose could a striking union have but to interrupt the flow of commerce from the struck enterprise?) The court first ruled that the strike constituted only an indirect interference with commerce. However, in a second action, the company managed to persuade a disgruntled former officer of the union to testify that the main purpose of the strike was to keep Coronado's production out of the "free flow of commerce" until the company's workers could be organized. Now the court saw a distinction where it saw none before and ruled the union's activity illegal.

Senator Willis Robertson of Virginia, who has joined Senator McClellan's crusade with enthusiasm, revives an old report prepared on this subject by Gustav Peck. What the Senator has in mind is spelled out in the report:

> The standards now well recognized by industry and the courts with respect to restrictive practices are capable of providing fully developed criteria of difference between those labor practices which are a part of the bargaining process of industrial relations and those which overreach these limits and aim at the market.

What economic results of collective bargaining do not reach over into the market?

The Coronado case and the recent conspiracy case against the electrical manufacturers reveal how irrational and hazy these criteria are. The extension of the anti-monopoly laws to labor is an invitation to the restoration of judge-made law in the field of labor relations.

It was abuses of precisely this sort that led to the passage of the Norris-LaGuardia Act, restricting the use of the injunction in labor disputes.

To be sure, unions are not angels. A New York local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers attempted to restrict all construction work to electrical fixtures made by their own local membership. Fixtures made by other locals of their own international were barred. This arrangement constituted part of their agreement with the employers. It was ruled illegal in *Allen vs. Bradley* — but only because the employer was a party to the agreement. Quite clearly, it would be an intolerable abuse of collective-bargaining power if the union should now attempt to reinstitute the arrangement — this time leaving the employer out of the agreement to make it legal. But to use this possibility as a justification for placing the unions under the anti-trust laws would be to throw the baby out with the bath.

The real purpose of extending the anti-monopoly law to cover unions is to outlaw collective bargaining. Congressman Martin has been quite open in disclosing his motives. And McClellan's objectives in confining the anti-trust prohibition to transportation probably has more to do with the way states like Arkansas hope to attract industry than with any real problem of labor monopoly.

(Continued from inside cover)

I immediately sought out my supervisor, who said that he had been informed the previous day that I was to be dismissed, but not told why. He assured me that he had made it clear that my work had been quite satisfactory. . . .

There the matter stands. I do not write to gain sympathy for myself—I regard my case as essentially closed—but to warn others, particularly my fellow scientists—of the possible costs of speaking out for their beliefs.

FRANK J. KOFSKY

Los Angeles, Calif.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Secrets of Their Hearts

PAINTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Werner Haftmann. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Frederick A. Praeger. 2 Vols.; 942 pp. $42.50.

Harold Clurman

ART to begin with is a personal matter. In its development it becomes impersonal. In the end it transforms itself and turns personal once again. So in reading Werner Haftmann's *Painting in the Twentieth Century,* the most comprehensive of all works on modern painting (from Seurat to the present), I was reminded of my own relation to the subject treated in this important book.

I remembered going to see an exhibition of the paintings of Duchamps, Picasso and Matisse when I was a boy in 1917. I did not understand why so many people in the gallery were snickering. Though I did not "get" the paintings, I saw nothing odd about them. After my university days in 1925, I found myself positively exhilarated by another modern art show—Braque, Rouault, Kandinsky—though my "understanding" had increased only moderately.

What puzzled me—and what my friends considered an affectation—was that I found modern art "easy" and the masters of the Renaissance "difficult." It took some time before I could explain this to myself. As my contact with the arts became more constant it occurred to me that the moderns were closer and more real to me because they lived in the same world I did and spoke the same language. I had to learn what Giotto and his descendants were saying as I might a foreign tongue. To become intimate with them I had to exercise and train my visual and imaginative faculties to the utmost, but I sensed an immediate kinship with the moderns because they were saying things I had come to feel in the cities and houses in which I dwelled.

The more lucid historians and champions of contemporary painting document what I have been saying most convincingly. (Besides the Werner Haftmann volumes, Praeger has recently published Herbert Read's excellent *Concise History of Modern Painting.*)

The prime value of Haftmann's book is that, while remaining scrupulously attentive to the processes of development within the forms of painting itself—the elements which might be set down as pure "play"—it relates those processes to the history of our time in all its philosophical, cultural, political complexity. This makes the book both exciting and saddening.

HAFTMANN has really *seen* modern painting and felt it. (Most of us merely glance at paintings, find them agreeable if they seem pretty, impossible when they do not, and with the old masters are satisfied when they appear to be deft replicas or symbols of familiar objects and recognizable concepts.) The result of Haftmann's inquiry is in a way a kind of story.

In 1887 Gauguin, preparing for his departure from Paris, spoke of a "decaying civilization." (He brought some of that decay to Tahiti; his paintings reveal it almost as much as they do his emancipation from it.) Most of the great artists of our time have reacted strongly against the spiritual and physical depredations of modern civilization, which chiefly values the power of the hand and the will and equates production and profit with Success, to the detriment of the individual human soul, the totality of life. Not all these artists thought of themselves as rebels; some may in fact have been politically conservative. Some reacted in sadistic rage; others mystically in an attempt at escape. Some betrayed a masochistic impulse to immolate themselves in the holocaust toward which modern civilization persistently tends. Others warned, mourned, wailed, jeered or isolated themselves in dreams which ranged from the exalted and the pathological to the childishly hedonistic. There were also those who tried to preserve health by an immersion in the sensuous delights and creature comforts which the French in particular enjoyed up to 1914 at least.

The Surrealists toyed with "abominable forms." André Breton, poet spokesman for the Surrealists, mentioned "restlessness and convulsiveness" as perhaps the most characteristic of their traits. Haftmann says of Picasso, "his subject has been the drama of destruction," which corresponds to Gertrude Stein's judgment of the twentieth century and its supreme master: "A century in which everything destroys itself and nothing continues. . . . As the twentieth century has a splendor which is its own, so Picasso is of this century. He has a strange quality of an earth that one has never seen and of things destroyed as they never have been destroyed."

In our atom bomb age Jackson Pollock, frightened and hopeless in the American jungle, created an art—now prevalent—which released what Haftmann calls "the violence of psychic eruption in its full force." (Joan Miró once said that, since he found the outside world horrible, he painted his inner world—a fantasy world of peculiar innocence.) Robert Motherwell, another American painter Haftmann cites, has said that "the essence of life is to be found in the frustrations of the established order," although this does not make clear whether he takes pleasure in frustrating the established order or in the frustrations which that order causes in him.

The "pure" art of our time, whether it be Fauvism, Cubism, Futurism, Surrealism or Action Painting, is an expression of anxiety. "Metaphysical anxiety." Herbert Read calls it (though I believe it is becoming increasingly *physical*), "a now global condition of mankind." Read also says—and Haftmann suggests it by his repeated references to the (never defined) "existential"—that "modern art is only explicable in its political context," a statement that must appall many contemporary painters whose work appears in headlong flight from anything as "trivially" mundane as politics.

Haftmann is a man of broad culture and sound judgment rather than a great critic. He writes perceptively and usefully of many artists, but he does not illuminate each individual painter or painting to the fullest extent. He is best when describing and defining trends.

This distinction is important because, after one has explained and noted the historical justification for a tendency, one ought to examine and judge each particular body of work within the movement. It is not sufficient to say of an individual non-objective or action painting, for example, "This is not nonsense. It has its rationale and its coming into being was inevitable. The artist is talented and sincere." One must also say whether one likes or dislikes it. Here we enter the realm of basic judgments, of ultimate values and a philosophic or a

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spiritual weighing of content. The critic must now take responsibility, enunciate his direction and world view. In this sense Goebbels was a sound art critic when he spoke about *Kultur Bolshevismus* for he smelled the revolution inherent in modern art, though he did not understand that what was being rebelled against might include "Bolshevismus" itself.

Herbert Read ends his book with a quotation from R. G. Collingwood's *The Principles of Art:*

> The artist must prophesy, not in the sense that he foretells things to come, but that he tells his audience, at the risk of their distress, the secrets of their own hearts. His business as an artist is to speak out, to make a clean breast. But what he has to utter is, not as the individualistic theory of art would have us think, his own secrets. As a spokesman of his community the secrets he must utter are theirs. The reason why they need him is that no community altogether knows its own heart, and by failing in this knowledge a community deceives itself on the one subject concerning which ignorance means death. Art is the community's medicine for the worst disease of the mind, the corruption of consciousness.

Read himself sums up: "Our artists have often been violent or destructive, inconsiderate and impatient, but in general they have been aware of a moral issue which is facing our whole civilization."

I AM entirely in accord with this. While ready to champion the "modern" in all the arts, even when it strikes me as wicked, ugly, mad (for it is important that we see and understand *everything*), I must also affirm that I do not feel it my duty to like or to approve of everything I see in the "modern." For there is much in modern art which diminishes and demeans life, much that, underneath its apparent complications, is far too narrow and simple, even falsely sentimental in its summary pessimism—too limited, too much attracted to pain and self-hate, too much involved in nightmares that are either poses or excuses for irresolution, irresponsibility and, worst of all, indifference. That is why far too many contemporary paintings are only hellish ornament, macabre advertisement.

Modern art, besides often serving as a danger signal—and to be welcomed as such—frequently discovers new beauty leading to a subtler appreciation of contemporary experience. Sometimes it presages some new, not yet decipherable, synthesis. But in a period when most people have become strangers to themselves, modern art is easily converted into a fashion and fad, another horrendous commodity, removing us ever further from the inner as well as the external world.

The greatest of the old masters grappled bravely with reality to arrive at universal statements embracing the whole of human anguish and its transcendence. They rarely cultivated the partial, the single note, the one key, the isolated trick or gimmick of observation and sensibility as if these constituted a cosmos in itself. It is through a comprehension of the all-inclusiveness and the breadth of their interests, passion and vision that we may come to create anew a world fit for man to inhabit.

Bad Journalism Makes History

THE CUBAN STORY. By Herbert Matthews. George Braziller. 318 pp. $4.50.

Warren Miller

FOUR YEARS AGO I was living in a village in Cuba, and to keep in touch with the Outside World I took the bus, once or twice a week, to the county seat to buy *The New York Times*. Occasionally, a short item on an inside page would have been clipped, very neatly, by Batista's censor; but in February, 1957, the *Times* was cut to ribbons for three days running. This, I discovered later, was because Herbert Matthews had gone to the Sierra Maestre and interviewed a young man named Fidel Castro. "There was a story to be got," Matthews writes on the first page of his new, valuable book, "a censorship to be broken. I got it and I did it — and it so happens that neither Cuba nor the United States is going to be the same again."

It ought to be said at once that there can be few major points of difference between Mr. Matthews and anyone who

WARREN MILLER is the author of The Cool World (*Little, Brown*) *and, most recently, of* Ninety Miles from Home: The Face of Cuba Today (*Little, Brown*).

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knows the Cuban situation and who responds to it rationally. That is to say, there are very few people in the United States who will agree with him. If the tone of his book is sometimes testy, that is understandable; Matthews must feel, as does anyone who tries to make himself heard on Cuba, that no one wants to listen; or if any do, most are determined to go away unviolated by a new idea.

Mr. Matthews has been subjected to malicious attacks by the Right and I hope he does not expect that this book, for all its protestations of loyalty, will be considered by his enemies as a proper answer to their charges. Matthews assures them, and us, that he is not now and has never been a member of "any Communist front organization, let alone any Communist group or party." For Mr. Matthews to feel it necessary to make such a statement is itself a rather nice little victory for the Right. And it's not only this group he will fail to convince (the materials on which the writing of history is based are the *last* thing they want); he cannot even succeed with his colleague, Charles Poore, the *Times's* daily book reviewer. Mr. Matthews is the first *Times* man in living memory who was not given a respectful review in his own paper. The reason for this, I suspect, is that Mr. Poore knows of Cuba only what he reads in the *Times*, and prefers to take the word of Mrs. Phillips.

Matthews is extremely critical of the United States press:

> Bad journalism made Cuban-American history then [in the 1890's] and bad journalism has been making it again.

A "lack of balance and objectivity" is its greatest failing, he writes; "the hysteria that accompanies the American attitude toward communism worked its poison."

But this doesn't really get us very far. The label of communism has been applied to the Algerian rebels and to Nasser and, quite properly, to Poland; and yet our press has not so completely lost "balance and objectivity" in reporting events in those countries. It might be said that not even the Soviet Union has thrown the press so far out of balance as Cuba has. I have for a long time resisted (because it is crude) a crude interpretation of this phenomenon; but I can resist it no longer: I believe that hysteria increases in direct proportion to dollar investments. (Call me a Wobbly if you will.)

"I don't know how often," Matthews writes, despairingly, "I tried to persuade Fidel" that the American press is free and was not "paid or ordered to be" hostile to Cuba. The fiction of a free press is maintained by just such words as "paid" and "ordered"; of course, no publisher was paid or ordered. As A. J. Liebling has been pointing out for years, they don't have to be. Once they have got rich championing the underdog, they become champions of the upperdog and glorifiers of the *status quo*. Not paid, not ordered, our press nevertheless showed a remarkable unanimity in dealing with the Cuban story. It then had the gall, the day after the invasion, to cry out, like the New York *Post*, "How could the CIA have been so wrong?" The most likely answer is that the CIA had been reading the American press, which includes, of course, the *Times*.

MR. MATTHEWS' view of Cuba does not differ significantly from that of his newspaper, although he emphasizes, as the *Times* does not, the good in the revolution, its achievements, and makes quite clear his understanding that our demand for elections is nothing less than a demand that Cuba give up its revolution. It is precisely at the point where Matthews and the *Times* become totally identified with each other — that is, when Matthews ceases to be a reporter and becomes an editorial writer — that I must begin to question his statements. Matthews believes that Cuba today is (he has coined the word, he says) "Communistoid." He does not believe that one-party government can be democratic, though he warns us often that we must not look at Cuba through Anglo-Saxon eyes and hope to understand it. (Given his views on one-party government, it is odd that he includes Mexico in the list of true democracies to the south.) Like his newspaper, Matthews is convinced that the new single party developing in Cuba is going to be an enlarged Communist party; and, like his paper, he gives no evidence for making such a judgment. The new party is to be a fusion of some thirty or forty groups and, at present, there would be as much validity in prophesying that it is going to be an enlarged Women's Organizations of Cuba or an enlarged Federation of University Students.

I expect that it will be, like the revolution itself, something very original and wholly Cuban. If Mr. Matthews followed to its conclusion the reasoning of his book and the evidence he presents there, he would be bound to agree with this view. But he does not and, thereby, contributes to our government's view (one which he deplores) that Cuba is Communist, communism is not negotiable and we must therefore commit ourselves to its destruction.

Mr. Matthews' dilemma is one we all share to varying degrees: it is the result of the very dangerous American notion that if it isn't like ours, it can't be democracy. Unless we broaden our idea of democracy to include Ambassador B. K. Nehru's definition of it as any form of government which responds to the needs of its people, we shall have to write off as "Communistoid" most of Africa, the Middle East and Asia, where one-party government is the rule. We are also going to have to accept the fact that a hungry man's idea of freedom (and two-thirds of the world is still hungry) is not the same as ours. Instead of em-

Four Country Haiku

1
Everywhere the grass
is drinking up the night dew
as the little girl listens to stories

2
Watch out little boy!
don't stamp on this spider web
before I can show it to you

3
Barely a print on the dirt road
but some animal
has been eating choke-cherries

4
Terrified of everything
the summer visitors
have been hatching a caterpillar in an empty jam jar

Robert Nichols

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bracing the Castro revolution, our incomprehension of the facts of life in the emerging countries has led us to playing George III. Matthews several times remarks on the curious fact that European press coverage of Cuba has been markedly different from ours, and very much superior to it; perhaps the reason is that they are less prone to identify democracy with a two-party system.

But it cannot be expected that this view will be embraced tomorrow by the publishers of our newspapers. Matthews is such a good reporter — his account of a trip to the country with Castro is first-rate journalism — that one must hope he will soon take to the hills again, and start writing history again, and perhaps even making it again.

Prefigures

EMPTY MIRROR. Allen Ginsberg. Corinth Books. Citadel Press, distributors. 48 pp. Paper. $1.25.

Robert Hazel

IN THESE early poems there is a chemistry of personal analysis: each poem the test tube of a particular agony, ennui, sexual injury or religious outcry; and all fairly conventional (Rimbaud died in 1891 and Crane in 1932, after having "entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love," when Allen Ginsberg was about four years old). In terms of originality and achievement, *Empty Mirror* is no *White Buildings*; and Ginsberg's catalogue of America's industrial Inferno, mentioned by William Carlos Williams in his 1952 introduction, lists much the same dim boxcars and transfigured derelicts which appear in Crane's "interborough fissures of the mind." But Ginsberg's lists are superior to Crane's, the rhythmic mastery of cataloguing being a strength of Ginsberg, a weakness in Crane. Ginsberg's early poems are not to be compared away. If unoriginal, they do have significance in terms of another new and powerful poet's extension of the angelism of Poe, Whitman, Baudelaire and Crane. They give impetus — by virtue of Ginsberg's singular quality within his group — to a poetry of confession in the absence of what used to be called discipline. It is interesting to note a loosening of discipline in formerly tight academic poets like Lowell, a turn to the new softness of confession.

In terms of idiom, Ginsberg inherits Crane less than Williams, who helped decentralize the language of American poetry, freed it from the central agency of metaphor, and did what Whitman never actually could; locate the muse amid the kitchenware. These early poems are a development of the anti-poetic principle of Williams. But Ginsberg is not subservient to Williams; he does not, like Williams, carefully keep the voice down, but to considerable degree restores elements of Cranian rhetoric to the Williams canon.

EMPTY MIRROR is a clear prose of statement and observation of phenomena, except when it becomes blurred by strenuously induced mysticism, and doves descend and Heaven and Eternity appear. Often, in these early poems, the scatalogical passages are genuinely hilarious; the auto-erotic passages are movingly lyric. The book shows a young man's preoccupation with the vague metaphysics of time, eternity and the holiness of a world infused with the poet's own crippled love (as saintly love is always wounded, aches for yes, cries its no); and these poems prefigure the more powerful celebrations of his later work. In terms of Ginsberg's later development, three poems loom in this early batch: "Psalm I," which has the honest facing (if nakedness is honesty) of self, the tinge of youthful boasting about one's "majestic flaws of mind," and a rhythm which is his; "Hymn" contains the mystic desire of disinheritance; and "Paterson" reveals the characteristic eloquence of religio-sexual masochism. These three early poems hold all the elements, the rhythmic spirit of "gone dithyramb," that produced the later powerful jeremiad *Howl* and the magnificent lament "Kaddish." "Kaddish," the thirty-six-page elegy to the poet's mother in a volume of lesser cries of shorter duration, is a haunting document. I have heard it described as a great poem, and as not even a poem. Not knowing what a poem is, I can report with confidence that "Kaddish" is a sequence of words, one after the other, with far too many words about persons and things other than the dead woman and the poet. Most of the narrative section is not on the subject. But many passages in the first half are right and from there on it is a magnificent sorrow, more immediate and moving than al-

ROBERT HAZEL has written two novels, The Lost Year *and* A Field of People (*World*). *His verse has appeared in* Poetry, New Directions *and elsewhere, and a collection of his poetry is now being readied for publication.*

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most all elegies in English and American are or ever were.

Ginsberg bears a terrible responsibility. The most talented of the poets who, in the 1950s, accused themselves of extravagant liberty, he stands alone in the curious dignity of his work. He possesses a reckless imagination sustained by that necessity which makes him a poet with the nearly incredible defects and almost unsurpassed excellences of largeness.

ART

Max Kozloff

OVER the past four years, a persistent gallery goer could not fail to notice such a restlessness with conventional media among young artists as to constitute a revolt against art. To object to this, as the New York newspaper critics have done, is all very well, although it amounts to nothing more than protesting against the anti-artistic in anti-art. Unabashed, the young artists go right ahead and paste the New York newspapers into their work. It would be much more relevant to ask what function a disgust with paint and bronze, and the whole formality of museums, is trying to serve in the first place. What is the origin of this cancerous or exciting (as you will) international phenomenon, and why has it brought itself into being at this moment? Now the Museum of Modern Art poses these questions, and several more in one of the most unnerving and yet absolutely compelling exhibitions I have seen in years: "The Art of Assemblage."

TECHNICALLY an assemblage, as the excellent catalogue by William Seitz defines it, "is a work of art made by fastening together cut or torn pieces of paper . . . photographs, bits of cloth . . . wood, metal, shells or stones . . . parts of dolls and mannequins, animals, etc." More generally, an assemblage is any composite of things *not* primarily sculpted or painted. Hence, in contrast to the "thereness" of painting, which ritually places a frame between the spectator and itself, an assemblage presents us with the "hereness" of objects unframed and often only slightly altered from their condition in real life. Above all, an unwillingness, or rather fear, to deal at any physical remove from their motifs is what characterizes the new assemblers. In a show exhibiting dozens of methods of juxtaposing objects, the only unifying factor, and the single most revolutionary one, is the presence of the objects themselves, however differently they are manipulated. I am reminded that certain seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Dutch *trompe l'oeil* artists, because they could not push their illusionism any further, cut images from their paintings, and arranged them on mantelpieces or tables among real objects, and in real space. One sees at the Modern a logical converse: between the work of art and nature, competition does not exist because the work *is* nature, or arises literally from it. If then, mirrors appear so frequently in the new assemblages, it is not just to celebrate the death of imitation, but to short circuit the necessity of image making itself. To use a witty quote from the catalogue, "The characteristic of this sort of industry [is] that it resells, but it does not produce." Since there is no longer a gap between creation and reality, whenever a spectator glimpses his own reflection and knows that it will be succeeded by the next man's, subject has become object, and art has won a great existential victory over him. (Cohen, Baj.)

But only, I hurry to add, by an obvious denial of itself. We can walk out of the Modern and feel, as never before, the potential obsessiveness of any conceivable thing around us. Assemblage sanctions a kind of cosmic fetishism. Yet the price of forcing this secret charge into our whole environment is abandoning the discrimination between art and life, the museum and the streets. Exactly in proportion to the power he would gain over inanimate matter, the assembler has to drop visible execution, forfeit personal style, and ignore any kind of pictorial or three-dimensional structuring. It is an indication of just how far out on a limb many of the younger men feel themselves to be, that these are the latest, certainly the most radical, signs of self-assertion.

None of this, of course, would have any point, that is to say, give us a jolt, if assemblage did not paradoxically de-

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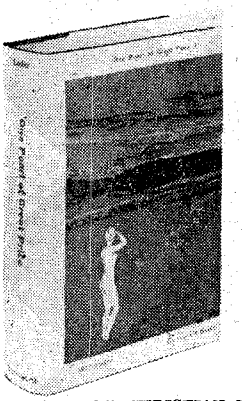

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Full moon after midnight.
I stand at the window
Watching the snow masked garden.
How bright it is,
How still.

Behind me
In the black house
My mother sleeps,
The stupefied sleep
Of extreme
Old age.

Her dream shape
Held to her body by a cord of phosphorus,
Moves through the garden
Among the frozen rose bushes.

It leaves foot prints
Like the marks of bird claws
On the snow,
And has a bird's head,
Big and crested,
But no wings.
It casts
No shadow.

The snow shines.
I hear my mother's breathing.
Sometimes the thing in the garden
Turns to glance at me
With fierce eyes.

The glass of the window
Is cold against my finger tips.

The snow shines.
I am alone with my mother
In the black house
Till morning.

Helen Adam

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pend, more intensely even than orthodox work, upon our prior experience of painting and sculpture. Would there be anything unusual, for instance, in Daniel Spoerri's breakfast remnants, if they were not affixed to a wall—like a painting? Even the museum context, which he supposedly despises, is essential to Spoerri's work, for in the studio his refuse runs too great a risk of being mistaken for what it really is. Throughout the exhibition there is a constant dialogue, by turns bashful or exasperated, between art and artifact. With the idea of the ready-made, which Marcel Duchamp claims he instigated under a self-induced anaesthesia, the artist could expand his knowledge only by rejecting it: an enormously daring act of the will. Greater in their means, but far less tongue in cheek than Duchamp, the new ready-mades have thus obliged themselves to discover, not what is meaningful, because that's what art does, but what isn't. In other words, a stupid choice, if conscious, is harder and hence more attractive, more insightful, than an intelligent one.

Doubtless an element of stupidity, or at least self-destruction, runs through the whole theory of assemblage. To prove, for example, that any material — a butterfly wing, a typeface, a clinker — is suitable, is only to demonstrate that the material ultimately doesn't count. This is a conclusion that would horrify many of the exhibitors, inasmuch as it reveals their hard-won sacrifices of form to be formalistic merely. But by plunging off the far side of formalism one can drown as well in the tyranny of subject matter. Since nothing is plainer here than that the medium can be absorbed into, and hence *become* the subject, to exalt medium above everything else is to perpetrate just that anecdotalism from which every self-respecting predecessor of assemblage had fled. Theoretically, assemblage is a cul-de-sac.

IN practice, however, the situation is much more baffling. If we experience some reaction to Arman's glass-covered box containing rusted forks and spoons (and I am not arguing that we don't), still that response can't be held. For it depends on an effect or illumination as unique and self-consuming as a fired-off flashbulb. Arman's debatable "Arteriosclerosis" is open to criticism not merely because a warmed-over scandal is invariably dull, but because it demands an effort of participation from the spectator deliberately out of scale to its inherent visual possibilities. For those practitioners who so blithely assume that if idea be present, performance may be spared, we are justified in using the term, not assemblers, but dissemblers.

What makes the show at the Modern an extraordinary event, though, is the capacity of a number of its items to escape the impasse of their own logical conclusions and somehow to vibrate potently in an area between artifact and nature. Obviously, the pressure on invention is much greater now than in Dada (when it was enough to call a club a spade) — so that the newer works are often not just sleights of hand, but have to be sheer demonstrations of mind.

Inevitably those demonstrations were bound to be perverse. But the point, I think, is missed if we dismiss the combine paintings of, say, Rauschenberg or Latham as mere artistically composed garbage. Partly, the reflection of a junk culture, partly a comment on the artists' own poverty (which, since crime pays, is rapidly diminishing), the work is also a reaction against international abstract expressionism. Just as the latter now appears to us increasingly sweeter and more hedonistic, assemblage is compelled to sanctify, in the manner of a black mass, all the more abrasive and obnoxious materials. Only the great miniaturist Joseph Cornell has succeeded in working with objects neither kitschy nor

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precious. But he is much older than the latest *enfants terribles*, and never went through their formative commitment to the techniques, if not the sensations, of the new painting. Insofar as their relationship to "action" painting was pretty intimate, their lastest work, then, is very ambiguous. Here again, is a full swing away from Dada into unexplored regions as the relation of the artist and his medium to an over-all statement on life becomes fractionalized and compromised. Among the best contributors, the format of social protest crumples in the face of their own aesthetic anxiety.

How, then, can one judge one of these assemblages? In the earlier sections of the show, among Picasso, Braque or Schwitters collages, there is no question. Pictorial order had no trouble sustaining itself against the invasion of an alien body. In fact, every new inclusion from the outside world was meant to affirm the reality of that order, just as it negated the original function of a newspaper or string. Similarly, John Chamberlain's "action" sculpture, made from mangled automobiles, is already losing its shock value, and taking on an irritating bright beauty. I don't doubt that a number of other unlikely composites will follow suit, as our unwilling eye acclimates itself to those underlying energies, necessarily but temporarily obscured, which have always been the prerequisites of painting and sculpture. Decayed or fragmented forms, therefore, can very definitely be life enhancing. A list of those who prove just that in the present exhibition would include, perhaps, Bouras, Bontecou, Vicente, Marca-Relli and César, in addition to those I have already mentioned. There, but for the grace of art, goes art.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IN ITS fall season of operas, the New York City Opera Company has included the world premières of two new Ford Foundation-sponsored works: Douglas Moore's *The Wings of the Dove* and Robert Ward's *The Crucible*. For different reasons, they are both exceedingly interesting works; and, in the context of the operas thus far produced at the City Center under the Ford Foundation grant, they have brought us almost to the point where some of the aesthetic premises underlying the opera company's part in the commissioning project are perceivable. Of this I shall say more in a subsequent column.

The libretto for *The Wings of the Dove*, which must have been an exceedingly difficult one to write, was provided by Ethan Ayer. It is for the most part splendid: dignified, respectful of James's ideas and stature, and dramatically effective. There are flaws, which could and should be removed, but these obviously derived from the librettist's respect for the prose with which he was working and his consequent attempt to compress some of the novelist's long sentences without losing their most colorful features (but with an unfortunate loss of intelligibility). I can only sympathize with his impulse.

Douglas Moore, among American operatic composers, is endowed with a dignity of musical impulse, and a lack of sham which gives his work a special appeal. His idiom is conservative, as is the idiom of almost every American composer working in the operatic form. But, unlike many of his contemporaries, Moore writes as he does, not because he seeks to be "popular," or "a la mode," or the successor to any great Italian, but because this is his natural language —simple, honest and unsullied by pretension. It is so plain that some critics see no personality in it whatsoever. I *do* see a personality: one that is humanistic, dignified, cultivated and sincere.

I think it is accurate to say that, in *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, Moore created the first live, real, mature female character of the American lyric stage. This was no mean achievement, if one considers how few of our operas have any "real" character at all. In Augusta Tabor, he presented a woman of heroic proportions, unmistakably American, and thoroughly understood by her author. *The Wings of the Dove*, as now presented, does not contain any similarly pungent and unique character, but I strongly suspect that a little reworking of the text, and perhaps a bit of recomposing, could lift the characters of Kate Croy, Aunt Maud Lowder and Miles Dunster to almost the same level of strength.

One of the great difficulties in reducing a novel by Henry James to the relatively bare bones of a libretto is that so little of James's real meaning is in the plot line. In the case of *The Wings of the Dove*, the plot is strong, almost melodramatic, but considered by itself does not tell anything like the whole story. This is to be found in the myriad nuances of feeling and psychological motivation which twine about it like vines and tendrils. Considered in plot outline the actions of Kate Croy and Miles Dunster (originally called Merton Densher) are shocking and brutal. When the nuances and complexities of motivation are added, the actions suggest something quite different. But nuances and complexities are the things which first tend to be lost in translating a literary work into a libretto. The amazing thing is that Moore and Ayer were able to keep so many.

As the opera stands, the character of Milly Theale, the American heiress who is destined to die, and whose involvement with Dunster and Kate Croy is a source of such happiness and of final torment, is the most distinctively realized. Kate, because of certain oversimplifications in the text, seems more "stock" than she should, and harder. So do her father, Homer Croy, and her aunt, and the fact that these people have much fine music to sing does not quite compensate. I found the little "Masque of Janus," in the fourth scene, musically pale. The choral writing is not up to the level of the rest of the opera, and the Masque does not work up enough musical or dramatic urgency to make its interruption of the main action welcome.

Performances, on stage and in the orchestra pit, were splendid under Julius Rudel's direction. Regina Sarfaty, as Kate Croy, looked and sounded both luxuriant and forceful. John Reardon, as Miles, made a handsome and sonorous suitor. The singing of Paul Ukena, Martha Lipton and Norman Kelly was all first rate, and Dorothy Coulter, who made her debut with the New York City Opera Company on this occasion, looked sweetly fragile as Milly, and sang with exactly the right edge of poignance throughout the evening.

The production, however, was not good. Many of Donald Oenslager's sets were blowzy — to an extent that even the company's small budget cannot excuse — and some of the faults in characterization can be traced to Christopher West's direction. The only set which really succeeded was the courtyard and balcony of the Palazzo Leporelli, for scene four. This was lovely, but it hardly made one forget the backdrop representing the National Gallery which was so out of scale that it made the people in front of it look like giants wandering in a maze of pygmy columns.

Of Robert Ward's opera, *The Crucible*, based on the Arthur Miller play, I shall write next time.

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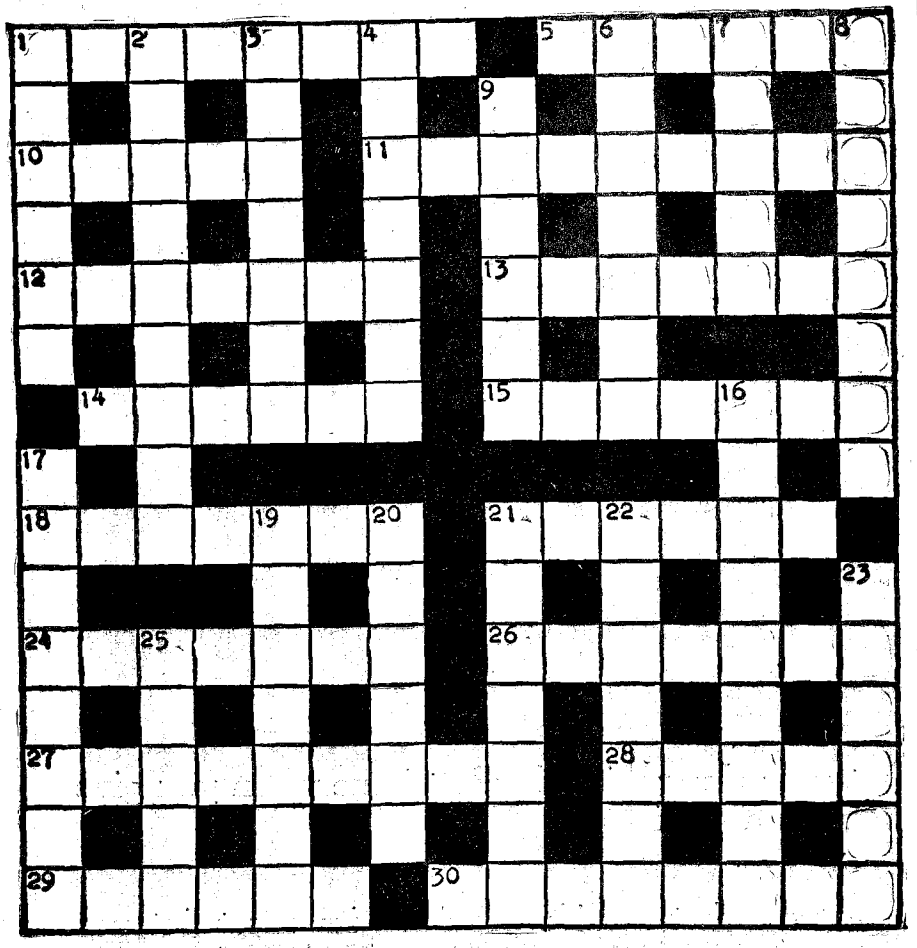
Crossword Puzzle No. 936

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 11 Rebel way to make crates? (4, 4, 3, 6)
5 The position of ascent, possibly. (6)
10 The writer who can't be clear as mud? (5)
12 The path of flight? (3, 4)
13 An ogre's wild enough, but these are even wilder. (7)
14 One might, by entangling the feet.
15 Walked like White Owl Feather. (7)
18 Where water is carried, but other refreshment is also sold. (7)
21 How to outlaw arguments in a common carrier? (6)
24 What might they be doing in the military circle? (7)
26 and 20 down. Stories of the M-1 sort? (7, 6)
27 You might find Delft nice, if one has declined in this manner. (9)
28 Feel at ease, with an inner lift. (5)
29 Company gets us confused, obviously! (6)
30 One of her jobs might be to point out the wrong type, if she has proof of it. (8)

DOWN:

1 Bear description of one in camera?
2 Eastman? (9)
3 Where the wings are on either side. (2, 5)
4 It takes the tender-hearted to show up the art-lover. (7)
6 Does it make the road not wind, in large measure? (7)
7 You might remember school or church as having such a recess. (5)
8 Half-way around town? (4, 4)
9 One might find this steep, with a brief appearance in time for Christmas and Halloween. (6)
16 This should be close to a four-footer, with a two-footer about. (9)
17 Holding straps about an animal, and making faces? (8)
19 To leave when the Little General's inside could be critical. (7)
21 One's hair might be, with some help, raised about it! (7)
22 Time to tear around and get something with a capacity for detection!
23 They might be let into a garment as country dances might be held.
25 One way to carry away an arm. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 935

ACROSS: 1 and 25 The Way of All Flesh; 9 and 13 Taxi dancers; 10 Token; 11 Lead; 12 Bathers; 15 Attended; 16 Litany; 18 Lessor; 21 Esthetic; 24 Puffs up; 26 Eyeshot; 28 Flue; 29 Death; 30 Rail; 31 Shopkeepers. DOWN: 2 Heightens; 3 Watered; 4 Yoke; 5 Fantail; 6 Lilac; 7 Basalt; 8 Patron; 14 Adder; 17 Treasurer; 19 Equals; 20 Round-up; 22 Toyshop; 23 Ironic; 27 Dale.

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